from way up there (you and i, you and i)
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by sam_writes_fics

Summary

"You gonna tell me why we had to watch Tuesday turn into Wednesday or…"

Ian doesn't answer him. Not right away.

It's silent for long enough that Mickey shrugs it off and goes back to looking at the sky. He's long since accepted the fact that Ian's weird. He doesn't dislike it or anything, it's just how it is.

So he doesn't think much about the non-explanation.

Until Ian finally speaks.

"Today's my birthday."

// s3: it's ian's birthday, and only one person remembered

Notes

i know i said i wasn't gonna post a fic today, but if you're reading this, it means i finished this in time and decided to post it anyways. it's not ian's canon birthday today, but it is mine, and i honestly can't remember the last time i *didn't* post a fic on my birthday. it gets me every year.

anyway, happy whumptober day 5, here's some season three babies

enjoy.

title is from *you and i* by ingrid michaelson

day 5
prompt: pinned down
prompt: "It's broken."

See the end of the work for more notes

They can't really see the stars in Chicago, but that's never stopped them before.

Mickey lays sprawled out on his back on the concrete roof of an abandoned building. It's late, almost midnight if he had to guess, and the sky has long since gone dark. The moon hangs high up above, and the only twinkling lights he can see are the planes taking off from O'Hare.

They are *not* stargazing. He needs that to be perfectly clear.

But as he lays there with Ian sprawled out next to him, he doesn't really know what they're doing. Tonight, or any night for that matter. He doesn't know what this is.

He knows what Ian wants it to be.

But that's not what it *is.* It's different from when they started, just two kids fucking in the back room of a convenient store, trying to get off together in a world that tells them they can't. It's not like that anymore. Somewhere along the way, Mickey managed to make a *friend*—a friend he just happens to have sex with, but that's neither here nor there—and now it's…

More.

And that scares him.

"What time is it?" Ian asks, rolling his head to the side to look at Mickey.

"How the fuck should I know?"

"Can you check?"

"Like you don't got a watch?"

"I don't."

Mickey looks over at him. He glances down to where their knuckles are lightly brushing together, trying to spot the worn and weathered watch Ian always wears.

"It stopped working," Ian tells him with a one shouldered shrug. "Liam threw it down the stairs."

“Why?”

“I don’t know. Why do toddlers do anything?”

Mickey grumbles, but it’s mostly a front. He digs his phone out of his jeans pocket, checks the time. “It’s eleven fifty-five.”

Ian hums, goes back to looking at the dark expanse of sky above them.

“You got somewhere to be?” Mickey asks.

Ian just shakes his head.

Mickey lets it go.

He puts the phone face down on his chest. He wiggles his fingers slightly from where they rest next to Ian’s, the backs of their hands barely touching.

This is the kind of shit he wouldn’t be caught dead doing a year ago. Laying here under the stars with a boy, thinking about holding his hand. Gallagher’s made him soft, he knows that, but he can’t seem to shake him.

Doesn’t think he really wants to either.

He stares at Ian’s profile for another minute before turning his attention back to the sky. It’s late, but he’s not really tired. He wonders if this will be another one of those nights where they lie here until the sun comes up. Sometimes they do that. They talk, and they fuck, and they just linger in each other’s presence, like two kids who don’t really want to go home but have nowhere else to go.

He doesn’t mind it. Spending so much time with Ian.

It’s kind of nice.

Though, he’d never admit it.

“What about now?”

“Huh?”

“What time is it?”

“Jesus Christ, you and the time,” Mickey groans. He picks up his phone again. “Eleven fifty-eight.”

Ian nods. “Cool.”

“That’s it? *Cool?”*

Ian shrugs.

“Fucking dumbass,” Mickey whispers, not as under his breath as it should be.

Ian elbows him, and Mickey punches his hip in response.

But then their hands go back to where they were, fingers drifting towards each other until they’re *almost* tangled—but not really.

“What about now?”

“Ian.”

“Come on.”

“Check your own damn phone.”

“It’s dead.”

“Of course it is,” Mickey sighs.

“Just—” Ian looks at him with pleading eyes. “Can you check again? Please?”

Mickey wants to hold out, he really does, but Ian’s gaze on him feels like too much and not enough all at once and he needs to look away. “Fine.”

He holds up his phone again, squints at the time. “Eleven fifty-nine.”

“Wait,” Ian says before Mickey can set it down again, wrapping his hand around Mickey’s wrist and holding it there. “Just… Wait a second.”

Mickey stares at the long fingers wrapped around his arm and he tries to remember how to breathe correctly. The fact that he hasn’t immediately shrugged Ian off is a miracle in and of itself.

“There.”

He looks back at the phone, at the *12:00* staring back at him as the clock strikes midnight.

“Great,” Mickey deadpans. “Happy New Year.”

Ian laughs at that, dropping Mickey’s wrist and laying on his back again.

“You happy now?” Mickey asks, pocketing his phone once again.

“Yeah,” Ian answers, a genuine smile playing on his face.

“You gonna tell me why we had to watch Tuesday turn into Wednesday or…”

Ian doesn’t answer him. Not right away.

It’s silent for long enough that Mickey shrugs it off and goes back to looking at the sky. He’s long since accepted the fact that Ian’s weird. He doesn’t dislike it or anything, it’s just how it is.

So he doesn’t think much about the non-explanation.

Until Ian finally speaks.

“Today’s my birthday.”

Mickey’s head rolls to the side and he looks over at the beautiful boy lying next to him. Bright eyes, and a solemn expression on his face.

“Oh shit,” is the first thing Mickey says. Then, “Really?”

“Really.”

Mickey doesn’t know what to say. He’s never been around for Ian’s birthday before, not since they started… whatever the fuck this is. He was in juvie last year.

Honestly he didn’t even know when Ian’s birthday *was* until a minute ago.

He tries not to think too hard about the houseful of siblings Ian has at home waiting for him, probably all sitting around the living room just itching to celebrate with him at midnight.

He *really* tries not to think too hard about how Ian chose to be here, with him, instead.

“Seventeen, huh?” Mickey asks, keeping the tone light.

“Yup.”

“Think it’ll be a good one?”

“Don’t know,” Ian says with an honest shrug. He turns his head to look at Mickey, a sly grin curling up at the corner of his mouth. “It’s gonna be pretty hard to top sixteen.”

He pushes the backs of their hands together, brushes their fingers against each other intentionally.

Mickey’s chest lights up like fireworks.

He swallows thickly, watches Ian’s eyes dart down to his throat as it bobs.

Mickey curls his pointer finger around Ian’s. It’s slow, and his hand is shaking a little, but he does it anyway because he wants to. Because he wants to hold Ian’s hand on his birthday, but he’s not quite there yet, so he hooks their fingers together and holds on tight.

Ian smiles at him, all wide and happy.

“Happy birthday, Gallagher,” Mickey says in a quiet voice.

Ian squeezes his finger. “Thanks.”

The moment holds for a few more seconds, then Mickey looks away, clears his throat.

“Alright. So,” he starts. “What do you want for a present?”

Ian laughs. “What?”

“You know,” Mickey waves his free hand around. “What do you want for your birthday?”

He looks back over at Ian, catches his gaze traveling down from Mickey’s lips to his jaw to his chest. Lower.

Ian shrugs. “I can think of one thing I want,” he says with a teasing smile, meeting Mickey’s eyes once again.

Challenge fucking accepted.

Mickey lets go of Ian’s hand and rolls onto his side, throwing his leg over Ian’s hips and pushing himself up until he’s sitting on Ian’s lap.

Ian's dick starts to swell under him, and Mickey grinds his hips against it.

"Oh yeah?" he teases with a devilish grin, pinning him down.

"Yeah," Ian breathes out, his hands sliding up Mickey's thighs. He parts his lips, starts breathing faster at the sight of Mickey straddling him.

Mickey fiddles with the zipper on Ian's sweatshirt. "Like this?" he asks, his voice quiet. Almost nervous.

Ian nods quickly. "Yeah."

Mickey grins.

He leans down and bites at the tendon in Ian's neck, then starts to suck a mark just under his shirt collar.

"Okay."

He was only half kidding when he asked Ian what he wants for his birthday.

When Mickey drags himself into his bed just after the sun comes up, the ratty curtains drawn and his room as dark as it's going to get, he faceplants on his bed, exhausted.

He kind of already gave Ian a gift. Three, actually, if he counts the one early this morning too.

But something in his chest pulls at the idea of getting Ian something tangible, something *real.* He doesn't know what. But… something.

He falls asleep thinking about it, his body half curled around his pillow and his nose buried in the sweatshirt that still smells like Ian.

It's fucking stupid.

The whole idea is, at best, a misunderstanding from his sleep-deprived imagination, and, at worst, a giant waste of fucking time.

And yet, here he is, walking over to the Gallagher house just as the sun is about to set.

He doesn't even know if Ian's home. For all Mickey knows, his family took him out somewhere to celebrate, somewhere with bottomless mac and cheese (Ian's favorite) and chocolate cake the size of his head (Mickey's).

He could've called. He *should* have called, if he was thinking sensibly —which he's *not*—because here he is, walking down the sidewalk of North Wallace with his hands in his coat pockets and his brother's used backpack slung over his shoulders.

Inside is a box, wrapped terribly in yesterday's newspaper, with no markings on it for who it's for or who it's from. Just in case.

Mickey shifts the strap on his left shoulder, shakes his head.

Whatever. He'll give it to Ian, and if he hates it—it doesn't fucking matter anyways. Mickey's just *some guy* who brought him a present because, well, it's his birthday after all, and that's just what people *do*.

"Jesus Christ," he mumbles to himself. Get a *grip*.

He's almost at the Gallagher house, three doors down the block when he hears shouting.

He stutters in his steps a little because he knows those voices, knows the faces that each one belongs to. His heart speeds up and so do his legs.

He's at the neighbor's front walk when the door to the Gallagher house flies open, doorknob banging loudly against the wall as Ian flies down the front steps, jumping most of them and hitting the ground running.

"Hey," Mickey calls out, his brow furrowing deep as his brain registers the blood all over Ian's face. "Ian—"

But it's too late. Ian swings around the front gate, feet pounding the pavement as he runs in the opposite direction, one hand cupped

around his nose and mouth to stop the bleeding.

Mickey's just about to take off after him when the front door slams shut and Fiona comes jogging down the stairs, arms folding over her stomach as she stands by the front gate.

"Ian!" she calls out but doesn't go after him. "Ian, come back!"

"What the fuck just happened?"

Mickey's voice startles her, and she whips around to glare at him. Her face softens imperceptibly when she recognizes him, but her mouth stays in a hard line as she looks him up and down.

"What are you doing here?"

"What am I—" Mickey blinks incredulously. "Is he okay? Why is he covered in blood?"

"He's fine," Fiona waves him off. "What do you want, Mickey?"

Mickey just stares at her, his eyebrows nearly to his hairline before he blows out a breath. He scratches at his brow, shrugs with his hand. "I was comin' to see Ian. Then he took off."

Fiona narrows her eyes at him. "Why?"

"'cause I got somethin' for him."

"What?"

"None of your fucking business, that's what."

Fiona sighs. "Is it drugs?" And when Mickey blinks back at her, "Look, I don't care if you're dealing him weed, but if it's anything stronger than that—"

"Jesus fucking Christ."

"Is it?"

"No," Mickey spits out, shaking his head in disbelief. "It's a fucking—present, alright? What's with the twenty questions?"

Fiona stares at him blankly. "A present?"

"Didn't think I'd be fucking scrutinized over a goddamn birthday

present," Mickey mumbles, rubbing at his eyes. "Getting the third degree. Would've left the fucking thing at home."

"A… birthday present."

And that's when it clicks.

That's when Fiona's face falls, and her hand comes up to cover her mouth.

Mickey raises a brow. "What?"

"It's the ninth," she says, barely louder than a whisper.

Mickey catches on. "You didn't."

"Fuck, it's *Wednesday,"* she says, almost panicked. She puts her hands on top of her head, turns towards the house. "I—I was just saying to Lip how all day I thought it was Tuesday, and—"

"You *forgot* his fucking *birthday?"*

Fiona covers her mouth with both hands, looking down the block in the direction Ian went.

"Jesus Christ, Fiona."

"It's *Ian!"* she tries to explain. "He's the quiet one, the one who never complains! I didn't… I've barely even *seen* him today! He came home from school and took a nap, a-and then—"

"Then what?"

Fiona shakes her head, tilts it back and sighs at the clouds. "Fuck."

Mickey rolls his eyes, then starts walking down the block.

"Where are you going?" Fiona calls out to his back.

"To find him."

There's a beat.

"Tell him I'm sorry." And then, "Tell him to—"

"Fuck off!" Mickey yells back,

He gets a few houses away, then breaks out into a jog.

By the time he rounds the corner, he's running.

He knows where Ian is. It's the only place they go.

He's not at the store, and he's not at school, and he's *definitely* not at home, so that leaves the rooftop. Mickey gets a sense of déjà vu as he climbs the stairs, thinks about how they were just here yesterday under very different circumstances.

"Ian," he calls out when he reaches the top.

Mickey looks around, doesn't see anyone. He knows better than that, though.

"Ian, come on, man," he calls out, walking around. "I know you're up here."

He's met with silence as he makes his lap around the space. The wind dies down and he hears the *clink* of a broken bottle rolling against the concrete.

He follows it.

Ian's tucked in the corner behind a pillar, hugging his knees to his chest with his head buried in his arms. His shoulders shake slightly, and Mickey lets out a small sigh when he finds him.

"Go away," Ian says, but his voice is wobbly.

Mickey licks his lips and looks away. "You okay?"

Ian doesn't answer.

"Ian—"

"Fuck off, Mick."

It comes out quieter than Mickey expects it to, the end fading into a breathy whisper as Ian's shoulders start to shake again. He's crying, a lot, and he doesn't want Mickey to see it.

Mickey raises his brows, then shakes his head. "Fucking—"

He grabs Ian under his arms and *pulls,* using all his strength to drag the other boy up to his feet.

"I said *go away!"* Ian screams, pushing Mickey off as soon as he's standing.

Mickey takes a cursory step back, breathing a little harder from the exertion.

Ian stares at him with a set jaw and loosely curled fists. Mickey wonders if they're going to fight.

But then he registers Ian's face, all bloody and just starting to bruise. Red coats his mouth and nose, and the inside of his left eye looks a little purple. His cheeks are puffy, the blood smudged with tear stains.

He looks away from Mickey, almost embarrassed.

"You okay?" Mickey asks again.

"I'm fine."

"What the hell happened?"

Ian doesn't look at him. He shrugs, shakes his head, and says, "Nothing."

That's fine. Mickey *gets it.*

He doesn't like to talk about that shit either. Not when it's him that's bloodied and bruised. But he needs to make sure that Ian's okay, because his voice is still shaky, and his blatant shut down of the conversation is less than convincing.

Mickey shuffles closer, reaches one hand up to his face.

Ian flinches.

Mickey presses his lips together and sighs through his nose. "Just let me look at it."

And Ian does.

He stands there perfectly still while Mickey reaches out again and gently holds his chin. He turns Ian's head one way, then the other, trying to assess the damages. His fingers ghost over Ian's left eyebrow, slide down the outer orbital bone, checking for fractures.

Ian blinks a lot and looks away.

Mickey's being gentle with him, and neither of them really knows what to do with that.

Mickey takes a breath and lays both hands on Ian's cheeks, stretching his thumbs inwards towards the bridge of his nose. They press softly at first, the tips staining red. He runs one thumb down the slope of Ian's nose lightly, following the smooth line before touching at the sides again.

Then he presses a little harder.

Ian grunts. "Fucking *hell,* Mickey."

"Stop being such a pussy."

Ian huffs a breath that could be a laugh. This is familiar territory. Solid ground.

"It's broken," Ian complains, wincing at Mickey's probing fingers.

"It's not broken," Mickey says with an eyeroll. He takes a step back from Ian, slides his backpack off his shoulders.

"Are you sure?'

"I don't know," Mickey sighs, dropping down to a crouch and hesitating with his hands on the zipper. He shrugs. "Pretty sure."

That's going to have to be good enough. It's not like either of them can afford a hospital bill.

Ian sighs and starts to walk away.

"Can you just—" Mickey waves his hand around. "Can you stand still for five fucking seconds? Jesus."

Ian looks at him. "What are you doing?"

"The fuck does it look like I'm doing?" Mickey says, exasperated. He unzips the backpack. "I'm gonna clean the goddamn blook off your face. You look ridiculous."

Ian playfully kicks at his hip. "Still look better than you."

Mickey glares at him for a long second, then goes back to the bag.

He pulls out the wrapped box, carefully avoiding Ian's eyes the entire time, and sets it on the ground next to him. He digs around at the bottom until he finds a half filled plastic water bottle, and an old t-shirt that's been in here for god knows how long.

Years, probably, if the size of it is anything to go by. It's a youth XL.

Or Iggy stole the backpack from a kid, which is debatably more likely.

Mickey shakes it out, then stretches the fabric out over his hand. He soaks it with the water, then pushes himself up and stands close to Ian.

Ian just watches him the whole time. His mouth dropping open a little when Mickey tentatively reaches out for him.

Mickey starts just under Ian's nose, where the dried blood is the thickest.

"What's in the box?" Ian asks, softly jutting his chin towards the present on the ground.

"What happened to your face?" Mickey counters.

"Why is it wrapped in newspaper?"

Mickey hesitates, his hand stilling its movements.

"I didn't have any fucking wrapping paper," he grumbles almost under his breath.

Ian's face lights up, a slow smile spreading out before him.

"It's for me?" he breathes out, almost afraid to ask.

"It's *your* birthday, isn't it?" Mickey teases, trying not to smile. He lets out a sigh. "Although I might be the only person who knows that."

Ian's smile disappears as quick as it came.

"Went by your house," Mickey tells him. "Saw you run out the door."

"You did?"

"Mhm. Talked to Fiona."

Ian bites his lip. "What did she say?"

“Not much.” Mickey shrugs. “Was pretty surprised when I mentioned what day it was, though.”

Ian drops his gaze, tries not to look at Mickey.

Mickey sighs. “Why didn’t you tell her? Why didn’t you tell any of them?”

“I just… didn’t,” Ian says quietly. “What does it matter anyway?”

You told me. “Doesn’t. I guess.”

Mickey swipes the makeshift rag over Ian’s lips, his chin.

“So what’s in the box?” Ian asks again.

“You have the patience of a five-year-old.”

Ian smiles again, and Mickey never wants it to leave.

“That’s funny, coming from you,” Ian teases.

Mickey swipes at Ian’s nose a little too hard.

“Ow! Fuck, Mickey.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

When he’s satisfied he’s cleaned Ian’s face to the best of his ability—dried blood still clinging to his nostrils and a bit on his lip that Mickey can’t stop staring at—he tosses the rag to the side, done with it.

He grabs the present off the ground, turns the box over in his hands for a minute.

Mickey holds it out to Ian.

And when Ian moves to take it, Mickey pulls it back

“What happened to your face?”

Ian rolls his eyes. “What happened to *yours?”*

“Ian.”

Mickey gives him a hard stare. He’s serious about this. He’s not playing around.

“How come every time I try to ask you about shit like this you can just… shut down. Shut me out,” Ian complains. “Why can’t I do it to you?”

“Because you’re not me. You’re better than me,” Mickey says a little too easily. His face starts to feel hot, so he backtracks. “You have, fucking—feelings and shit.”

Ian’s eyes go soft, and his shoulders deflate. “You have feelings too.”

“No I don’t,” Mickey mutters, completely unconvincing. He sighs, then rubs his free hand over his face. “You’re the kind of person that needs to talk about this shit, Ian. Otherwise you’re not gonna be able to sleep tonight because you won’t stop thinking about it.”

Ian rolls his eyes, but he doesn’t argue it.

“Me? Well…” Mickey shrugs. “I’m just better at pushing it all down than you are.”

“Fiona says that’s not good for you.”

“Fuck Fiona. Bitch couldn’t even remember your birthday.”

Ian laughs softly. “It’s not her fault.”

And that’s when Mickey knows she and Ian will be okay. Because Ian can get mad with the best of them, but he sucks at holding a grudge. *Especially* against his own family. He’s just not wired like that.

He’ll go home later and maybe make Fiona sweat for another day or two, but he’ll come around quickly. He always does. He’s the one that doesn’t complain.

“Frank came home drunk,” Ian says suddenly, his tone shifted. “Like usual.”

Mickey blinks. “Okay.”

“He took one look at me and started mumbling shit about sons born to the wrong fathers, and cheating wives who got knocked up nine months ago today.” Ian runs a hand over his hair. “Typical Frank bullshit.

The gears start turning in Mickey’s head and—

“Wait a minute,” he starts. *“Frank* remembered your birthday?”

Ian throws a hand up in the air. “Apparently.” He laughs a little, but it sounds hollow. “His ramblings didn’t make much sense to anyone else though. I guess it sounds kind of crazy without the context.”

“Then what happened?”

Ian pauses. He looks up at Mickey, then looks away again. He shrugs.

“Then he headbutted me.”

And this—this Mickey understands.

He doesn’t like it, gets mad just thinking about Frank hurting Ian—which is a whole other conversation he’ll have to have with himself later—but he gets it. Really.

Abusive fathers. It’s the way of the southside.

He thinks, sometimes, that’s why he and Ian get along so well. Not because of their shitty dads—though not *not* because of them either—but because they can relate to each other. They *get* it. It’s hard trying to explain this life to people who don’t live it. Mickey usually just doesn’t. He leaves people to make whatever assumptions about him, and he’s fine with that.

But with Ian… he doesn’t have to do that.

“And you ran away?” he asks carefully.

“I just… lost it.” Ian rubs at the back of his neck. “I mean, I didn’t see it coming, so the whole thing caught me off guard, and then I was bleeding, and everyone was yelling.”

Mickey nods.

“Lip was dragging Frank out the back door, and Fiona was all up in his face.” Ian lets out a breath. He shoves his hands in his pockets. “Carl and Debbie were shoving themselves in the corner, scared. Liam was crying. And I just—I couldn’t be there anymore.” He kicks at the forgotten shirt, covered in blood. “So I ran. Didn’t stop moving ‘til I was here.”

The whole time Mickey just nods along. He stands next to Ian, stares out at the same Chicago skyline, and wonders what things would be like if this wasn’t their life.

“Fucking Frank, man,” he says after a minute.

Ian shrugs. “All dads are fucking assholes.”

“Can’t argue with that.”

Ian nods, runs his hand over his hair again. He lets out a deep sigh and squares his shoulders, done talking about it for now.

That’s fine with Mickey.

“Can I open my present now?”

Mickey ducks his head to hide the smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. “What makes you think it’s for you?”

Ian shoves him with his elbow. “Mickey.”

“Maybe I know two redheads with birthdays on the ninth.”

“Yeah, but you’re not with that other one right now, are you?”

Mickey’s grin morphs into an all-out smile. “Maybe I’m gonna see him later.”

Ian smiles back. “No, you’re not.”

Mickey glares at him—or tries to, really, but it’s not as menacing as he thinks—and Ian just laughs.

He holds his hand out, waiting, and eventually Mickey hands over the box.

“It’s not much,” Mickey says quietly.

“Shut up.”

Ian tears away the newspaper, letting it blow across the rooftop in the wind. He opens the unmarked brown cardboard box and dumps the contents into his hand.

“Swiped it from the pawn shop earlier when I was with my brothers,” Mickey explains as Ian holds up a watch. He rubs at the back of his neck. “It’s not fancy or anything. It can’t, like, do the timer shit like your old one did, but… I don’t know.” He shrugs, his voice getting softer with each word. “You said you needed a new one, so…”

Ian stares at the watch for a long minute. He blinks furiously, and just when Mickey’s heart is about to fall out of his ass, he realizes that

Ian's eyes are glassy.

"It's perfect," he says quietly, a small smile tugging at his face. He swallows and shakes his head. "Thanks."

Mickey shrugs.

Ian holds out the watch to him. "Help me put it on."

"Pretty sure these things are designed so you can do it yourself—"

"Just shut up and do it."

Mickey bites back a smile as he slides the band around Ian's wrist.

"That good?" he asks softly, pulling it snug but not too tight.

"Yeah."

Mickey strokes his thumb over the soft skin of Ian's wrist. "You like it?" he asks, nervously looking up at Ian.

"Yeah," Ian answers, smiling big. "A lot."

Mickey nods, dropping his gaze away again. He stares at Ian's collarbone like it's less intimidating than his eyes.

And when Ian twists his arm and holds on to his wrist, Mickey doesn't pull away. He keeps running his thumb back and forth just below the watch band, his heart beating hard against his ribs.

Mickey looks up once, twice, then holds Ian's gaze again. They're standing close, too close, so he has to tip his head back a little when he says—

"Happy birthday, Ian."

He's never wanted to kiss him more.

But Ian has that sixth sense that tells him it's too much, too soon, and no matter how much Mickey *wants* to lean up and kiss him, if Ian's lips come anywhere near his mouth—he'll bolt.

Ian tugs on his wrist instead, pulling him in, and wraps both arms around Mickey's shoulders.

Mickey stiffens for a second, then relaxes. He buries his face in the

side of Ian's' neck, breathing him in, closing his eyes and leaning into it. His hands tentatively find Ian's waist, gentle fingers on soft cotton as Mickey hugs him back.

It's new.

It's *nice.*

And, yeah, it's a lot all at once, but Mickey tries to roll with it, tries to just get over himself for once and *go with it.* No one's looking for them. No one's going to find them up here if they stay like this for another minute longer.

Just a minute, though. Or so he tells himself.

Maybe their days can't always start and end on rooftops, the rest of the world forgotten, just the two of them together. But today it can. Today it *does.*

He still doesn't know what this is between them. But maybe it doesn't matter. Maybe it never did. Because today is Ian's birthday, and he's wearing a new used watch from the boy he loves, and Mickey is so far gone for him—he'd personally take out every light in Chicago.

If only Ian wanted to see the stars.

End Notes

young gallavich can be so special

as always, comments fuel my ego

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